

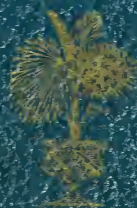
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HUNDREDTH NIGHT, '84.



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
OF THE

Charles H. Baker
Washington, 16 May '84

Hundredth Night Entertainment,

GIVEN BY THE

CORPS OF CADETS, U. S. M. A.


 FEBRUARY 23, 1884.
 

MANCHESTER, N. H.:

JOHN B. CLARKE, PRINTER.

1884.

561.24
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INDEX.

	PAGE.
PROGRAMME	5
OPENING ADDRESS	8
ESSAY	12
THE HOWITZER	17



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PLAN OF OPENING BATTLE

OF THE

HUNDRED DAYS' CAMPAIGN.

WATCHWORD:

“One Hundred Days to June.”

HDQRS. COUNCIL OF WAR,
West Point, N. Y., February 23, 1884.

GENERAL ORDERS }
No. 1. }

It is believed that the enemy will be found *en masse* in the Cadet Mess Hall this evening. The following detailed plan of attack will be observed: —

I. — The U. S. M. A. Band will be posted in a commanding position on the left, and will open the action at 7.30 P. M., by a simultaneous fire from all the pieces.

II. — Marshal *Hale* will throw forward a line of skirmishers to ascertain the strength and disposition of the enemy's forces, but will, under no circumstances, allow himself to be drawn into a prolonged engagement.

III. — Commodore *Noble* will send a gunboat, under the command of Captain *Russ*, to proceed up the river (with guns firing and bands playing "The Tar's Farewell") with a view to diverting the attention of the enemy's right.

IV. — When this is accomplished, General *Simpson* will make a direct attack on the enemy's center, will push forward in spite of the storms of applause from the enemy's line, and will break through the center and attack the left in flank and rear.

V. — The Light Batteries under Colonels *Thayer* and *Walton* will keep up a lively fire along the whole line.

VI. — The Heavy Battery under Major *Chittenden* will pour in a hot fire of solid shot and shell on the redoubt, on the enemy's left, and will not cease its fire until their batteries are completely silenced.

VII. — The Reserve will now be brought up, and if necessary all those in the Hospital capable of bearing arms will take their places in the ranks.

VIII. — The U. S. M. A. Band will now redouble its fire on the enemy's right, to prevent its effecting a juncture with the left, against which the main attack will be directed.

IX. — The Howitzer, in charge of Gunner *Gillette*, will be unlimbered and prepared for action. The enemy's line of retreat having been cut off by *Sanford's* Cavalry, accompanied by *Clarke's* Engineer troops, who will destroy all bridges and other means of escape, the Howitzer will open fire. Gunner *Gillette* is particularly cautioned not to be deceived by any apparent exhibition of weakness on the part of the enemy, but to continue the fire until the ammunition is exhausted.

X. — The enemy being completely demoralized, Trumpeter *Ramsey* will sound the recall.

XI. — The troops will assemble as before the battle, the lines will be carefully inspected by their respective commanders, and those who have not fired their pieces will be reported. To complete the victory and sweep the enemy from the field, the whole command will move forward at double time, colors flying, bands playing, and troops shouting the watchword, — “*One Hundred Days to June!*”

BY ORDER,

FALL OUT,

Rest!

ADDRESS BY IRVING HALE, '84.

Ladies and Gentlemen: —

We ask you to congratulate us this evening on having reached this landmark in our cadet existence. Landmarks are always interesting, always pleasant, especially when we are tired. To be sure, they do not make the road shorter, or its hills less steep, or its rocky places less hard, or the burden less heavy; but we know it to be a fact that when the weary pilgrim reaches some well-known landmark that tells him just how far he has journeyed, and just how far he is from home and friends, he takes great satisfaction in looking back over the long, dusty road he has traveled, with all its obstacles that he has overcome, and feeling that he has surmounted them and that they are things of the past; and then, blinding himself half unconsciously and half intentionally to the difficulties that are still ahead of him, he feels an exquisite pleasure in looking ahead, over and beyond those difficulties, to the welcome that is awaiting him at the end of his journey.

With us, landmarks are especially interesting, partly, perhaps, because they are so scarce, partly because there is such a crying need of something to make our lives more joyous. So, when we reach an epoch like the present, when we can look back over the road we have traveled, winding along over "warped surfaces" and "equipotential surfaces," around precipices with "momental ellipsoids" in a state of "unstable equilibrium" toppling over us, and avalanches of "rolling cones" threatening to sweep us to destruction, over torrents the equations of whose flow must be deduced before they can be crossed, through dry, barren deserts of "interpolated sheets," through gloomy forests in whose leaves the winds, moving, of course, "in left spirals closing inwards, and right spirals opening outwards," whistle and seem to whisper at every breath, "atomicity" and

"quantivalence," "jurisdiction of federal courts" and "Unification of Italy," enjoying now and then a pleasant little "digression on the action of heat on airs," but always coming back into the hard, dusty road more tired than when we left it,—when we look back at all these things, we feel a grim satisfaction in saying, "We have conquered you, and we are through with you for ever." And then forgetting, for the moment, that there are difficulties still ahead of us, that there are enemies lying in wait for us in positions of their own choosing, and behind fortifications that they have been years in building and strengthening; surrounded by obstacles of every description to bar our progress, entanglements of "stretched strings," palisades of "tuning forks," abatis of "*Halysitidæ* and *Cyathophalloids*," "glacis planes" and "planes of polarization" and "any plane whatever," frowning batteries of "open organ pipes" loaded with 1.5's and destruction, "cavaliers," "caponnières," "tenailles," and "ramps,"—forgetful of all these, it is pleasant to let our thoughts wander to the future and to dream of yearling camp and chevrons, and the class of '88; of furlough with all its joys, which will surpass your brightest dreams; of first-class camp, with its hops and hand-spikes, and fair faces and blistered faces, and true-lovers' knots, and "clove hitches," and walks and "balks," and all its pleasures which must be experienced to be appreciated; of shoulder-straps and one-company-posts and longevity pay, and more directly of the last ride, the last parade, the "good-bye boys," of welcome and home and rest. But perhaps we are too much given to thoughts like these. We meditate too much on the difficulties of our cadet life, and do not properly appreciate its benefits. While I hardly think that any one of us will ever look back on his career at West Point with any craving desire to try it over again, yet I do firmly believe that the most of us, in after life, will look back at the four years we spent at this academy as the best four years of our lives; the four years in which we did the most hard, honest, continuous work; the four years that did the most towards training our faculties and molding our characters, and making us what we are to be for life.

When we consider the object for which this institution was founded, the principles on which it is conducted, and the service that its graduates are expected to render the country, we must be

impressed with the idea that of all educational institutions this institution ought to turn out men. If it does not enjoy this reputation, it is a duty that every cadet and every graduate owes to himself, his friends, his *alma mater*, the army, and the nation, to so conduct himself as to earn for it that reputation before the people of the country; if it does enjoy and deserve that reputation, it is the duty of every cadet and graduate to demonstrate it.

Members of the class of '87, you can demonstrate it by the way you treat the "plebes" next summer. It is not necessary to prescribe a detailed mode of treatment, but if you treat them as men should treat each other, if your object in every thing you do is to change them from boys into men, and if, when their first camp is over and they have had a little time to recuperate, they look upon you as a class of men, you cannot have gone far wrong.

Members of the Furlough Class, you will have a thousand opportunities to demonstrate it on furlough, when your friends will look upon you with critical though kindly eyes, to see what changes the past two years have wrought.

Members of the coming first class, you can demonstrate it by the way you bear your authority next year, by the standard of honor that you set up for the classes below you, and by the manner in which you perpetuate the state of cordial good feeling that now exists in the corps.

But more, perhaps, than all, to the graduates of the academy belongs the duty of demonstrating this truth, if truth it is. Whether in the society of a metropolis or around the camp-fire on a western Indian trail, in peace or in war, in the army or out of it, or wherever they may be, it is their duty to demonstrate it by their fearlessness, dignity, honor, and integrity.

And if it can be said of this or any other institution, that it turns out men, — men in their physical capacity to do and to endure, men in the depth and grasping power of their intellects, men with minds which, whether crammed with facts or not, have their faculties so trained and under control that they can grapple with any subject that presents itself; men who can choose the right, and, having chosen, have the stamina to maintain it, cost what it may; men with manly ambitions to do something more than sit still and wait for promotion, and rust, — if it can be said of any institution that it turns

out men in the highest sense of the word, no better praise can be bestowed.

But all this has nothing to do with the fact that we are here to demonstrate to-night, — the fact that it is only one hundred days to June.

We make no apology for this entertainment, for you who know West Point know that we have no time for such things, and you who do not know it now, will find it out before the evening is over. All we ask is, if any of you came with an idea of being edified, give it up; if any of you came with an intention to criticise, don't. We simply ask that you prepare yourselves for a couple of hours of nonsense and jollity in celebration of the glorious truth that it's only one hundred — only *ninety-eight* days to June.

ESSAY BY H. M. CHITTENDEN, '84.

"PERSONAL EQUATIONS."

It is not expected that the subject of this essay will excite any particular curiosity. In fact, there is no more certain proof that a book or an essay will not be read than to have the word *equation* appear in its title. This remark, it is true, has a peculiar application to this audience which it would probably not have to any other; at least it is to be hoped that no one who is not or has not been a cadet can possibly feel the aversion for this little word that a cadet generally does feel. And this aversion is not without cause. The cadet, as a rule, is not actuated by any craving desire for work to do. He, in common with many other people, regards it as an alloy in the pleasures of life which, in no small degree, diminishes their value. In his whole course of study at the academy, there is no one word more expressive of the continuous work to which he is held than this word *equation*. To begin with, in that study which, as is well known, is not pursued for pleasure's sake alone, it is his principal enemy. It starts up before him on every occasion. He finds it concealed in every line or surface or other thing which mathematical genius can devise; and to rid himself of it, he looks to his furlough with a longing second only to that with which he will at a later date look to his graduation.

That furlough comes; and, in the oblivion of its pleasures, he hopes to bury not only all memory of but all future connection with this enemy of his past two years. It is needless to state that, in this respect, he is doomed to disappointment. The happy days of that vacation glide by. He returns and resumes his work with a feeling of dejection which no one but a furloughman can appreciate; and before a month has passed over his head, in the very midst of

his homesickness, he is astounded, frightened, enraged, at the unexpected encounter with that jumble of letters which the book calls "Equation A."

And this is more than any ordinary equation. The philosopher says that it includes every thing; that it involves not only all physical actions, but even individual happiness and prosperity.

This last statement, by the way, is, to many cadets, quite irreconcilable with the life and death struggle with that equation to see which will come out ahead in the following January examination.

Yes, the philosopher enlarges on the hidden treasures of this equation. He really succeeds in exciting an interest in the cadet, who, for the time being, begins to feel that he holds at last the key to the problem of life; that all he has to do is to apply Equation A to his difficulties and they will disappear.

But, in the midst of this transient enthusiasm, the philosopher interposes that condition, so often fatal to anticipated pleasure, that other word, no less repulsive than the word *equation*, — *if*. All these things Equation A would do, "*if* we could integrate it." But we cannot. Thus the cadet, like Tantalus of old, sees almost within his grasp the fruit of so much valuable knowledge, but is never permitted to taste it; and Equation A soon becomes the unique symbol of what might be, but never is.

Surely there is abundant cause for the aversion which cadets feel for this word, and no doubt I ought to apologize to them for inflicting the sound of it upon their ears to-night.

But I had started to say something of "personal equations," and the subject was suggested by the inquiry, What parallel can be drawn between our course of study here and the course which is to begin on that day in anticipation of which this meeting is held to-night?

We all of us — cadets, I mean — must by this time be convinced that there is not a line or path or other thing in nature which has not its equation; and hence it would seem reasonable that that path which we figuratively call the "path of life" should have its equation also. This, I imagine, is the only one most of us will ever have to deduce; but this one we shall, and, unwittingly or not, every action of our lives will be a step in that deduction. As we pass along that axis which shall number the successive years of our lives, and meas-

ure off from it the achievements which shall mark those years, what, then, will this path represent? The answer to this question each of us can give only when the deduction is complete; but what the character of that path should be each can answer now.

We are not, as in the section-room, tied down to certain given conditions which our equations must fulfill, but it rests entirely in our own hands to impose such conditions as we choose. Upon that choice will rest the character of our lives. Let us inquire what some of these conditions should be.

To the soldier, the prime virtue of his profession is honor; honor in every action, minute or great; fidelity to his duty, his officers, and his country. He early learns that upon it rest, not only the minor duties of his profession, but oftentimes events the importance of which his country will recognize. This, then, must be one condition.

Another is that quality always associated with the profession of arms but which may equally adorn any other, — courage. I do not mean courage in the superficial acceptance of the term, not merely courage to face a physical enemy, but courage to meet those enemies who continually beset us, whose strategy is perfect, whose tactics never err, and whose restless activity exacts our utmost energy to meet. We have examples of graduates from this institution, and — be it said with sorrow — their number is increasing, whose courage to meet their enemies, perhaps not ours, has failed at the critical moment, and has brought disaster upon their lives; and, without any sentimental theory, we cannot but know that our daily life will present us ten thousand chances to display true courage where the battlefield will one.

Another condition which I would impose, and which, to us who are happy in the thought that we are soon to throw off the burden of our work, may not be a very acceptable one, is industry. None of us can doubt that this condition is pretty thoroughly imposed upon us here. How will it be when we have no longer the strong hand of authority to impose it for us? Shall we then throw it off entirely? No other example than our course in this academy need be sought to show the progress industry secures. The brevity of life is a sufficient injunction to us not to waste its valuable hours,

and our course when we leave the academy ought not, in this respect, to be doubtful. Though we as yet know little of the service at large, yet, if we can believe what we hear, we do know this: that it presents to the young officer strong temptations and a good opportunity to while away his life in idleness and its consequent vices.

Are these conditions enough to determine the paths of our lives? Yes; they draw with them all others that are necessary in life. The life whose ruling principle is honor and integrity can never be marked by deceit, fraud, or infidelity to duty. The life actuated by true courage will not succumb beneath temptation. The industrious man will not be the victim of evil habits. Drinking, gambling, and the hundred other evils which follow in the train of idleness have nothing to do with him whose time is devoted to the work of his life. I do not mean to imply that all men's lives which fulfill these conditions will be the same. Their characters will be the same. Through any three points one circle and only one can be made to pass; and although for every change in the position of those points there will be a different circle, yet the character of the curve will still remain unchanged. So here, talent, opportunity, peculiar circumstances, may modify our lives, but cannot change their character. This is the one solid fact which we should seize and retain with an iron grasp. Whatever may be fortune's attitude toward us,—whether she be lavish or penurious with her gifts, whether she surround us with influential friends or leave us to rely wholly upon ourselves, whether she spread golden opportunities in our way or leave us to make them alone,—upon her caprices the formation of character can never be made to depend. In this respect every man can, if he choose, stand before the world the equal of every other man.

One hundred days from now and the thirty-seven paths of the class of '84 will have one point in common; the completion of this course is the one achievement common to us all. Thenceforth they will diverge, and time alone can tell how great that divergence will be; but let us hope that it will not be increased by any disregard of these three conditions of life. Human experience shows that we shall not all have equally long to make this great deduction. Life is not certain for a moment. But, sustained by that hope for futurity so natural to every mind, we may confidently expect that our

work will not terminate with the termination of our lives; and if, as Longfellow says, —

“Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet;
If the design unfinished lies,
And our lives are incomplete;
Yet, in the great unknown,
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.”

This much, at least, rests in the power of each of us, that when the equation of his life is integrated, no negative quantities shall exist to diminish the final whole; and when at last he submits to the great Instructor of life the memoir of his work, that he may receive thereon the satisfactory indorsement,

“Examined and Approved.”

THE HOWITZER.

DISCHARGED ANNUALLY—LEAP YEAR; VOLLEY.

WEST POINT, N. Y., 100 DAYS B. J. [Before June.]

C. E. GILLETTE, '84, CHIEF EDITOR.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED. — Two Spanish ponies for spring work. Must be accustomed to one exercise a day.

Address Box 13 Howitzer, Up-Stair Office.

LOST. — A full head of hair. Finder will be suitably rewarded by returning it to C. B. B., Sixth Division.

FOUND. — A large fragment of the fourth class,—last January.

BONER'S PATENT LIGHT RUNNING MACHINE.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY GUARANTEED.

The whole apparatus is in a small box constructed so that a bright light may be put in it, and, so perfect is the working of the machine, that absolutely no light will be visible from outside the box. This is one of the greatest inventions of the time, and no ambitious man should be without one.

OPINIONS OF EMINENT MEN.

A. BONER, ESQ.:—

My Dear Sir, — It is with much pleasure that I express to you my feelings on a subject that for so long a time has occupied my attention. I have been using your very original machine for some time,

and I have come to the conclusion that you must be a very great genius indeed, as your invention is nearly if not quite as good as my own, that of putting a light under the bed-clothes.

Your fellow inventor,
SAMUEL REBER.

A. BONER, ESQ.: —

Sir, — I have had much experience in running lights. I have tried every thing, even to putting bedding over the window in the ordinary manner, and have met with extra — ordinary results; but, Professor, Captain, I mean Lieutenant, or rather I should say Mr. Boner, let me assure you that, after its perfect safety, what I like next about your machine is its astonishing cheapness; it is so cheap that even a furloughman can afford to have one; this is indeed a great point in its favor, as *price* is the objection to all the other methods of running lights.

Your obedient servant,
GEORGE B. DUNCAN.

A. BONER, ESQ.: —

Dear Sir, — After a long trial of all the different methods of running lights, even to the “pure gall method,” the “polyconic method,” and the “methods by limits,” I have come to the conclusion that your apparatus is the safest and surest.

CECIL STEWART.

For price-list and further particulars address

A. BONER, Aftertaps, N. Y.

A SCENE OF HORROR.

It is on the field of battle; but a short time before, the frenzied shouts of contending armies were resounding through the valley where now many a brave soldier lies tranquil in the sleep which knows no waking. The army, in retreat, has given up the field to the dying and the dead. Here, grim Death, in his most revolting forms, has held high carnival. The earth everywhere is crimsoned with gore; thousands of mutilated victims of cruel war, lacerated by cannon-balls or gashed with ghastly sabre-strokes, their bloody locks frozen to their icy pillows, have found their last resting place on the banks of the winding river that flows through this fertile valley.

Here, struck down by the hand of undeviating Fate, lies the youthful warrior, all his bright hopes of the future hushed within his placid breast. There lies the aged veteran who has willingly obeyed the summons of that friend, with whose awful face he had become familiar, and the calm expression on his countenance betokens that quiet rest which his weary spirit had not found on this earth. But

thrice fortunate they whom death has thus suddenly overtaken. From every direction a wail of woe fills the ear. A chilling rain has drenched the gory ground. Many of the wounded who have painfully dragged themselves into the ravines and gullies to escape the tempest of shot, the trampling of iron hoofs, and the crush of artillery wheels, are struggling convulsively in beds of mire. Others, who have tried to escape from this scene of horror by crossing the treacherous ice on the river, are engulfed in its depths; and the wind, moaning through the leafless branches of the willows on the bank, sighs their sad requiem. Twilight deepens, and one by one the silent sentinels of night come out in the sky. The moon in radiant beauty rises serenely in the east, looking down with her mild reproof upon the terrible spectacle.

Near a small mound, a short distance from the river, lies, in the agonies of death, a young soldier who but a few short weeks before had been given up by a fond mother as a sacrifice on the altar of the fatherland. May not the decrees of the God of battles be altered by praying? May not this poor unfortunate one be spared to the widowed mother whose tearful supplication continually ascends to high Heaven, imploring the Father of the fatherless to watch over the safety of her child? But in vain; the icy finger of death is on him, and the dread ferryman is waiting to transport his lingering spirit over the dark flowing river. The death-rattle is in his throat; he thinks of home, mother, sister, then shrieks and — dies.

Near by is seen another poor victim stricken down in his vigorous manhood. Anguish is depicted on his countenance. Can no aid reach this one and alleviate his suffering? Yes, for he has simply sprained his foot, and St. Jacob's Oil will cure him.

Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists.

BOOK NOTICES.

WAVE MOTION. — A novel. By Peter S. Michie, professor of natural and experimental philosophy in the United States Military Academy. Bound in cloth and illustrated. New York: D. Van Nostrand & Co. Price four dollars and eighty cents.

This exquisite and interesting novel was issued to us by the Cadet Commissary some time ago, and it certainly merits a thorough perusal. The plot is deep, and the characters are well portrayed. In fact, the author seems to have diligently and faithfully gone, in his search for data, into the most minute details, and with most elaborate care.

The plot is laid in the Phil Academy, and although the date is rather indefinite, the illustrations are numerous and elegant.

The heroine of the tale, Miss Mary Cule, or, as she is familiarly

called, "Molly Cule," is a most *attractive little thing*. Though her sphere is not large, she moves in it with untiring activity and the utmost grace, and her power over those around her is unlimited.

The hero is Mr. Michael Roscope, — a name which is of course abbreviated by his mates to Mike Roscope. He is of a very inquisitive turn of mind, — an earnest searcher after truth, and is most assiduous in his endeavors to captivate Miss Molly; but, sad to relate, he is invariably unsuccessful.

The incidents of the tale are brought out with great force and admirable novelty, and the descriptions are perfect. Numerous jokes are interspersed throughout the text, taken mostly from the Greek alphabet. Some of the passages are of such surpassing beauty and flow of language, that we cannot refrain from a selection.

"In a homogeneous medium the arbitrary displacement of a molecule gives rise to elastic forces whose intensities depend on the degree and direction of the displacement, and whose directions are not in general those of the displacement, and as we have seen that the displacements must be made only in exceptional directions, in order that the elastic forces varying with the degree of displacement should be wholly in those directions, if the orbit of the displaced molecule be curvilinear, *it is evident* that at each point of its path the elastic forces developed should vary both in direction and intensity, and thus the general problem becomes one of extreme intricacy."

What a depth of feeling! What pathos! Is it to be wondered at that second-class men should become so intensely, madly interested, and that they should forsake "The Colonel's Daughter," and "Won at West Point," and turn with eagerness to this, the novel of novels, and sit up till long after "taps" studying the character of Miss Molly or reading of the adventure of Mr. Roscope? We heartily commend the book to those who are in search of something novel, and may they enjoy it as we have.

PERSONALS.

"You're another."

Mr. Potter is said to be the homeliest man in the United States. (We refer him to our fighting editors.)

The shoemaker says that Mr. Thompson is a good customer. He never stands on trifles.

FUNNY COLUMN.

Josh Billings.
Artemus Ward.
Lewis, I. N.
Reber.

A GEM FROM JOMINI.

There are five things that the *modern* soldier never wants to be separated from, — his bed, his breakfast, dinner and supper, and two pounds of tobacco.

Congress seems to be having considerable trouble in obtaining a proper party to send north to find Lieut. Greeley. The HOWITZER suggests that they send the Academic Board. They can find him.

INTERVIEW WITH A RETURNED FURLOUGHMAN.

A reporter of the HOWITZER called upon a returned furloughman the other day, and the following is the result: "Well, George S., what did you do on furlough?" "Oh, nothing, but 'spoon.'"

A CONUNDRUM.

Why is the sentinel on the color line like Fitz John Porter? Because he attracts a great deal of attention calling for relief.

TWO SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A DUDE.

Scene I. Chemical Laboratory.

Instructor (beamingly). — "Mr. H., can you give a simple method of making a magnet of a bar of iron?"

Mr. H. (thoughtfully). — "Yes, sir. To magnify a bar of iron you drive the north end of an iron poker into the magnetic meridian with a wooden mallet."

(Curtain.)

Scene II. Temple of History.

Instructor. — Mr. H., you may give a brief account of the origin of Mohammedanism.

Mr. H. — Yes, sir; Mahomet was a man (embarrassing pause); he was born in Mecca. He used to go out to a cave to muse. He didn't like the Arabian religion, so he got one up of his own.

They persecuted him in Mecca, so he took his wife Hegira and fled to Medina.

(More curtain.)

OTHER SCENES FROM HISTORY.

Mr. C. (reciting).—“Now this country, Phœnicia, was between the river Lebanon and the sea.”

Instructor.—“Was Lebanon a river, Mr. C.?”

“No, sir; Lebanon was not river—but—Phœnicia was between Lebanon and the Mediterranean.”

“What was Lebanon, Mr. C.?”

“A city, sir.”

ANOTHER.

Instructor.—Where, Mr. C., did you say the temple of Diana was?”

Mr. C.—“It was—a—was—a—”

Instructor (with a kindly helping suggestion as he supposed). “Yes; you remember, no doubt, the phrase in the Bible, ‘Great is Diana of the—’”

“Oh, yes, sir; Great is Diana of the Phœnicians.”

(Curtain again.)

PROBLEM FOR THIRD CLASSMEN.

Find the perspective of the shadow cast by coming events.

ANOTHER CONUNDRUM.

Why are the new-style safety matches like Darius Green’s flying machine? Because the trouble is when you come to light.

“Hutch” inquires, “Why is a coming event like a dog’s tail?” The answer is, “Because it is something to occur.”

Our devil replies, “Why is Hutch’s cap like wave motion?” “Because it is something to a void.”

There was a young man from Kentucky
Who thought himself very unlucky;
At every new “break”
He expected a “make,”
And soldierly attitudes struck he.

1884.

This being leap year, the duty of making matrimonial proposals will devolve upon the opposite sex, so we deem it advisable to point out a few "eligible" young ladies, shall I say? with a short description of each, and the best method of approaching them. Among the most prominent belles are: —

Miss Freddie Palmer. This charming young lady has a delicate blonde complexion and a lithe, willowy form; is quiet and demure when not awake; has a perennial smile of great range and clearness. She will be difficult to woo and almost impossible to win. In fact, she is a decided coquette.

Miss Cole, J. A. A tall stately blonde, with a queenly carriage and high soprano voice; speaks French fluently, also Irish; as shy as a pheasant in one of her native Wisconsin woods. She will probably die an old maid.

Miss Morse. A petite brunette; most bewitchingly sweet, but a desperate flirt. We warn everybody against her.

Miss Hutcheson. Another flirt; a light, angular blonde with a celestial countenance, a profusion of golden hair; rather æsthetic. Is difficult to understand, and may appear captured when really scarcely interested.

Miss F. Sayre. A picturesque young lady with a smile remarkable for its sweetness and breadth. The citadel of her heart can only be captured by a regular siege, with a complete system of parallels and approaches. Our advice is, go slow and don't do any thing suddenly.

Miss Gretchen Cress. A rosy-cheeked damsel with soft blue eyes. Will be a great heiress in case some one leaves her a large fortune.

There are many others, but our space is limited.

NED GILPIN'S RIDE.

A first-sergeant named Ned is well known in the corps;
Well known for his "skins," which he counts by the score;
For his brace, and his voice, and above all his fall,
Which happened quite recently down at the hall.

He was going around at a moderate pace, —
There 'd have been some excuse had he been in a race, —
And was cutting at heads as they lay on the ground,
Not expecting his horse to go off at a bound
And leave him behind, plowing bark with his ear,
A little ashamed of the way he'd appear
To the ladies who watched all the riders below,
And laughed when they saw that Ned's horse was so slow.

But such was the case; for at one little swerve
He tottered and fell, describing a curve
Not mentioned in Calculus, neither in Phil.,
But sometimes described by a man 'gainst his will.

But Ned had been raised on army rations,
"With all of their marvelous manifestations;"
So up he arose with his usual grace,
And brushing the tan-bark off his face,
He sheathed his knife with deliberate care,
Put on his cap and smoothed his hair,
And strode across the tan-bark hall
As though he'd never had a fall;
His head erect, and his shoulders back,
While his horse went on around the track.

He captured his steed at the opposite squad,
After chasing it round for many a rod;
And putting his hands on his back and his mane,
With many a struggle he mounted again,
With no loss of his dignity, — "nary a smile," —
Which shows him a thoroughly disciplined file.

He was mounted again, not only astride
Of his razor-backed horse, but his sabre beside;
And finding his seat most uncomfortably rare, —
A little akin to the "verge of despair," —
After glancing around at his fortunate neighbor,
He lets go of the reins and clutches his sabre.

Oh! wasn't he there in a perilous plight,
That warrior bold all armed for the fight!
As he clung to his sabre instead of the rein,
His horse started out on the rampage again.

But e'en though his steed had a mud-turtle gait,
Ned thought it too fast, and concluded to wait;
So, taking a header without any cause,
He lit in the bark amidst shouts of applause.

This tale has a sequel: in two years at the most,
When Ned is assigned to a cavalry post,
His "throws" will be costly, — in fact, they'll come high;
It'll take all his salary for "Mumm's Extra Dry."

KETTLE-DRUM.

One of the most "recherche" gatherings of the present season took place last week. It was a leap-year kettle-drum, given by Miss Edwina Babbitt and Miss Emma Ayer, at their palatial residence, "The Tower," situated in the most aristocratic portion of the First Division. Very elaborate preparations had been made for the occasion. The mansion, notably one of the most sumptuous, was arranged with exquisite taste. A word as to the residence itself may not be out of place. The architecture is that of a Norman castle. There is a prominent structure in Sing Sing built and run on similar principles. The internal decorations of "The Tower" combine Spartan simplicity with commissary curtains. The walls are of a peculiar, dazzling, kind of a russet-white color, made by applying a liquid solution of calcium hydrate, a rare and more or less costly substance. The floor and wood-work are of a precious wood known as "*Pinus variabilis*," a wood discovered by Prof. Mahan, "fine-grained, moderately resinous, strong and durable." Soon after ten o'clock the guests began to arrive, and filled, first the brilliantly lighted salons, and then — themselves. After interchange of the customary salutations, refreshments were served. Rare and costly viands were provided, some of which had been imported at considerable trouble from the cadet mess-hall. Great credit is due for the success of this part of the entertainment to Miss Daisy Shanks, who had been appointed toast-mistress — to make the toast. Some of the costumes worn were superb; some had never been worn before (and many, it is hoped, will never be worn again). Miss Babbitt, who did the delicate duties of hostess with her usual exquisite tact, was attired in a costume of blue counterscarp, cut "en barbette," with "cremaillère" lace in the sleeves and at the neck. Miss Ayer, who assisted her, wore a dinner dress with casemated sleeves and pontoon train. Miss Morse wore a costume of Pisa revetment overlaid with a net work of gabions and fascines. For ornaments a simple necklace of ordnance considerations. Miss Jumbo Knight, who eventually took charge of most of the refreshments, wore gray genouillère with enfiladed bastions. She carried an elegant bouquet of Marechal Davoust roses. Miss Gaillard wore a novel and picturesque attire of her own invention. It was made

of heavy caponnière, cut "*en magasin de poudre*," with blind embrasures scarped in front with delicate glacis work. On the whole, the affair was a most brilliant one.

The HOWITZER has received many contributions concerning the after-sunset glow ; we have room only for the following : —

THE AFTER-SUNSET GLOW.

Air—The Wearing of the Green.

Come, boys, and take your glasses,
And stand up in a row ;
For a scientific singing, boys,
We're going for to go.
In the north's the fair Aurora,
With its radiant lightning bow,
And in the west that frightful pest,
The after-sunset glow.
CHORUS : The after-sunset glow-o-ow, etc.

You may aim your glass at Venus,
Have a squint at father Mars,
And with self-reliance take a shot
At trillion-mile-off stars ;
But if you want the substance
For a scientific blow,
Incline the glass's muzzle toward
The after-sunset glow.
CHORUS : The after-sunset glow-o-ow, etc.

Then quickly take your Bartlett's Phil.
And closely scan it o'er ;
Pick out these daisy subjects, boys,
Some three or four or more,—
The rolling cone and dog-house and
The punch-bowl's steady flow,—
And mix the mess together
For the after-sunset glow.
CHORUS : The after-sunset glo-o-ow, etc.

Stir it up with Airy's rainbow,
Add a score of meteors bright,
Blow air in through an organ pipe
To make it " sound and light."
Let it stand for a lunation
Where the " stagnant torrents flow,"
And you'll have an explanation
For the after-sunset glow.
CHORUS : The after-sunset glow-ow-ow, etc.

" MIKE."

WEST POINT, N. Y., February 22, 1884.

The Editor of the Howitzer:—

SIR, — I would respectfully state that when “Night let her sable curtain down,” its color was hired, and she has received orders to put up curtains of the uniform pattern and color.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

D. D. G.,

Cadet Quartermaster.

WEST POINT, N. Y., February 22, 1884.

The Editor of the Howitzer:—

SIR, — I have the honor to state that to the best of my knowledge and experience, the after-sunset glow must be a reflection from the rosy cheeks and ruby lips of the girls that are waiting to welcome us home.

Respectfully submitted.

S. D. S.,

Cadet Lieutenant and Adjutant.

WEST POINT, N. Y., February 22, 1884.

The Editor of the Howitzer:—

SIR, — I have the honor to state that I have had an extensive personal experience in the matter of glows, and it is my firm belief that the after-sunset glow is entirely due to old Sol's getting a bad case of the grins.

Respectfully submitted.

J. D. B.,

Cadet Quartermaster-Sergeant.

WEST POINT, N. Y., February 22, 1884.

The Editor of the Howitzer:—

SIR, — I have the honor to state that I believe the true explanation of the after-sunset glow is to be found in Holmes's lines: —

“Day has put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.”

I would respectfully suggest that Day be reported for “jacket unbuttoned at retreat.”

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

W. E. C.,

Cadet Sergeant-Major.

HOWITZER EDITION OF POETRY.

The HOWITZER will soon issue an improved volume of poetry to meet a long-felt want. Poets are proverbially careless in the matter of explicitly defining the meaning of words and expressions, particu-

larly technical ones which they use, and all editions of their poems are singularly lacking in explanatory notes. This defect the HOWITZER proposes to remedy by publishing a volume of choice selections, with all doubtful or technical expressions carefully explained in foot notes. To give a better idea of the scope of the work, we cull a few selections at random : —

BYRON'S BATTLE OF WATERLOO IN CHILDE HAROLDE.

"And there was mounting in hot haste the steed;
The mustering squadron and the battle-car
Went rolling forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war."

NOTES. — "Battle-car." The poet is slightly inaccurate; he probably means either a caisson or a battery-wagon. The latter is a large rectangular box covered with painted canvas, and supported on three side rails (Gaillard). Its use is to transport implements for armorers and laboratorians; also carries both axes and spare axes.

"Impetuous speed." Double time, — the rate being 165 steps to the minute.

"The steed." The horse transports his load in two ways: 1st, as a draft-horse; and 2d, as a mule. For a pack-horse the mule is a better horse than the horse himself, as, being shorter, the bending moment is less.

"The mustering squadron." Each captain, as the inspecting officer approaches, causes sabres to be drawn and commands "Attention to muster."

"Mounting in hot haste." A very felicitous expression. Byron must have seen Mr. Palmer in the riding-hall.

Another selection.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse from the rampart we hurried," etc.

NOTES. — "From the rampart we hurried." The reason for the haste in getting away from a rampart was doubtless due to the fact that they had been studying "Wheeler's Permanent Fortifications."

"Not a drum was heard." The Officer of the Day could not find the orderly.

THE FORT THAT JACK BUILT.

This is the fort that Jack built. This is the re-entering place-of-arms of the fort that Jack built. This is the parapet of the redoubt of the re-entering place-of-arms of the fort that Jack built. This is the interior crest of the parapet of the redoubt of the re-entering place-of-arms of the fort that Jack built. This is the salient of the interior crest of the parapet of the redoubt of the re-entering place-of-arms of the fort that Jack built. This is the reference of the salient of the interior crest of the parapet of the redoubt of the re-entering place-of-arms of the fort that Jack built.

A BLOOD-CURDLING INCIDENT.

'Twas a beautiful, balmy, sleepy, Sunday afternoon. The Corps had fought a noble battle at dinner that day, and now, after their

usual Sunday portion of roast pork and mince-pie, had sought the solace of their couches, and had sunk into a refreshing slumber.

The Fifth Division was peaceful and quiet as the grave (Baker, D. J., was absent on permit), save that ever and anon were heard the measured breathings of the happy sleepers, while from Simpson's room proceeded a deep, regular, lower G snore that made a not unpleasant accompaniment to the whole.

Bright visions of graduating leaves, camp, and furlough were flitting through the minds of the happy dreamers. Palmer, in his dreams, was explaining to some poor unfortunate his latest prospect of gaining a file in class standing; there's no telling how many stripes, arcs, etc., Riché would have had on his sleeve had he been present, but he was taking his Sunday-afternoon recreation on the river; and Fuller—but the deacon had eaten too much dinner and wasn't dreaming at all; while Poore believed himself in that fair country where the sergeants cease from skinning and the yearlings are at rest.

All of these bright visions are in full blast, when—Horror!! What is that awful, marrow-freezing, spine-chilling, flesh-creeping sound that breaks in upon the Sabbath calm? Each would-be slumberer springs from his bed, his hands instinctively clutching the rifle or sabre nearest him, while visions of Indian massacres and the war in Egypt flit through his startled brain.

Again that awful, horror-inspiring sound comes rushing up the iron stairway. With a groan of relief (and other remarks) the reassured sleepers drop their weapons and again seek their beds. They have heard that sound before. It was the thundering voice of "D" company's martial captain, echoing this sweet and sonorous strain "Hugh Gallagher-r-r."

The following cogent explanation was submitted by a member of the first class:—

WEST POINT, N. Y., November 31, 1883.

Report.—Light in quarters after 11 P. M.

Explanation.—I would respectfully state that my room-mate was Officer of the Day, consequently I was entitled to a light after 11; and that I was not orderly, and so not responsible for it; also I was in the hospital at the time, and therefore could not have put it out.

I would further state that there was no light in my quarters after 11 P. M.

Respectfully submitted.

NAPIER TEN EYCK,
Cadet Pvt. Co. "B," 1st class.

To Lt. Col. H. C. Hasbrouck,
Com. Corps Cadets.

To the Editor of the Howitzer:—

It has been a time-honored custom for some one blest with a Jules Vernian imagination to manufacture a dream to order, and impose it on the unsuspecting public through the columns of the HOWITZER as a genuine mince-pie vision. On this occasion I have been placed on the dream detail.

Whatever may be the apparent discrepancies of this dream, however closely it may verge on the improbable, let it be remembered that it is genuine, and that no attempt has been made to reconcile inconsistencies at the expense of truth. It is not offered as a prize dream, but is given just as it was dreamed, and for what it is worth.

I dreamed that I dwelt in marble halls, third division, second floor, left hand area room. I had been reported for "obtaining correct answer to ordnance problem." I had stated in my explanation that the offense was unintentional, and that under the excitement of the moment I had lost my head, and while laboring under one of those fits of mental aberration to which all men are subject at times, I had committed the offense. Judge of my surprise when an order was read at parade, stating that on account of the unprecedented character of my offense I was sentenced to be beheaded. I at once served out a writ of *habeas corpus* on the ground that said corpus would be of no use to the government after the head was removed, and further objected to the sentence as unconstitutional, since the constitution provides that no person shall be twice placed in jeopardy of life or limb for the same offense, whereas, as stated in my explanation, I lost my head at the time the offense was committed. The objection was not sustained, it being held that the head is not a limb within the meaning of the law, and that, furthermore, there is nothing in the constitution giving the federal courts jurisdiction in the matter.

When it was known that the decree was irrevocable, my friends crowded round me, and with tears in their voices plead for a first on my white pants. Such devotion overcame me, and for the first time I wept. Feeling that there was no longer hope, I submitted a permit craving the boon of being my own executioner, stating that it would not interfere with academic duties, and that no undue advantage would be taken. The next morning I was sent for by the Officer in Charge and informed that the permit had been granted, but that it had been decided to offer me an alternative punishment, namely, light prison for life. My blood boiled. "What, sir," said I, "can you suppose for an instant that I could revel in luxury the remainder of my life while the Officer of the Day suffered for my crime?" He seemed to gather, for he left the room without a word, beckoning me to follow him. He led the way to a dark opening in the side of the mountain just behind the commissary building. We entered and groped our way along the dark underground passage, and finally emerged into a small chamber. "Your last alternative," said my guide, "is to remain a prisoner in this subterranean cell until you dig for yourself a passage to the outer world," at the same time handing me an intrenching bayonet. I had used a similar tool before. I was about to hand it back to him with the remark that if it was all the same to him I would prefer a quicker and less painful death, when there seemed to appear before me a sweet face, with sad reproachful eyes, that bade me make one more effort for life. I said I would accept the terms, and immediately was alone.

From the angle of our descent, I judged that the chamber must be directly under the ditch of "Fort Put," and about three hundred feet below the surface. A passage from a favorite author flashed across my mind. "An ordinary soldier, armed with such a tool, can excavate four cubic yards of earth per day." A hasty calculation told me I would be out in time for graduation. With a cheerful heart I plunged the implement into the earth. It struck a stone slab set in the wall. Passing my hand over it I found that it bore an inscription. Letter by letter I traced it out. As I proceeded a cold sweat appeared on my brow, the bayonet dropped from my nerveless fingers, my blood ran cold until it seemed to freeze in my veins, and when I reached the last three letters, and the terrible

truth flashed upon me, I sank on my knees in despair, for I knew the task was hopeless. The terrible inscription read : —

CAPONNIERE,

*Constructed for the defense of Fort Putnam Ditch,
under the direction of*

D. D. G.

I dashed out through the dark passage, rushed to my room, seized a sabre, laid my head on an Indian club, stepped back two paces and executed "left cut against infantry." The head rolled on the floor. I picked it up, hung it on a hat-peg, and looking it steadfastly in the eye, calmly awaited the silent messenger of death. A footstep strangely soft and weird was heard outside ; it approached my chamber ; some one entered ; it was not the silent messenger, it was an orderly. He said the Officer in Charge wanted to see me. I obeyed the summons and was addressed as follows : —

"It has been decided that your punishment is far too light for the offense, and the sentence has therefore been changed to three days consecutive attendance at Spanish." Seeing my look of horror he hastened to state, that in order to render the execution of the sentence possible I would be excused from all other recitations and from marching to meals, and would be allowed a light until 1 A. M., and that the sentence as thus mitigated would be duly executed. At that moment the bugle blew and I hastened from the room and fell in ranks.

Troubles seemed to multiply. The officer of the day gave me three reports, for which I submitted explanations as follows : —

Report : Hanging head in ranks marching to Spanish.

Explanation : I would respectfully state that the report is a mistake. I hung my head on a cap-peg in my quarters.

Report : Hair cut by some one other than the cadet barber.

Explanation : I would respectfully state that I had a permit to cut off my head and supposed the hair was to go with it.

Report : Cap on side of head marching to academic building.

Explanation : I would respectfully state that I think the report is undeserved for the following reasons : —

First, I wore no cap.

Second, I had no head.

Third, the cap was a new one and of the latest pattern, and as I

had not had time to cut it down, its center of gravity was so far above the point of contact as to put it in a state of unstable equilibrium.

All the reports stuck.

At this point the dream became confused. An appropriate and thrilling ending might be invented for it, but it would be a pity to mar its marvelous beauty and truth by any thing savoring of fiction or exaggeration, so —

Just as it is, without one plea,
Except its sweet simplicity,
And that 'twas never dreamed by me,

This production is most respectfully submitted.

ABOU BEN ADAM.

LETTER FROM A CANDIDATE.

SAND HILL, Herkimer Co., Ark.,
February 10, 1884.

To the Editor of the Howitzer : —

DEAR EDITOR, — Having been appointed a cadet to the West Point College, I thought I would write and ask you some questions about the place, and whether you think I would do for a soldier.

How large a town is West Point? How many stores and blacksmith-shops are there there? Are cadets allowed to go out much at night? Do you have to study much? Could I get rooms with the proprietor of the college? If not, could I get any better rooms by coming early? Do you have real guns and cannon? How about revolvers? I have two and a bowie-knife. Will I need them? The paper the congressman sent me don't say any thing about them. What is a black stock, and what is a gray cloth coatee? Is the superintendent the proprietor? How many vacations do you have a year? Do you think I will do? I am eighteen years old, and five feet, eight inches high? I was born in New Jersey. Would that prevent my being appointed from Arkansas? Is influence any use in getting admitted to West Point? My father is postmaster here, and keeps a grocery; he is also coroner and notary public and magistrate. Would that help any in getting in? Do cadets all study the same studies, or can each one select what he wants to study? If you answer these questions you will confer a favor on

Yours truly,
J. B. HENDERSON.

Sand Hill, Herkimer Co., Ark.

Yes, Mr. Henderson, we will be only too glad to answer your questions, and give you all the advice in our power.

In the first place, your expression "Dear Editor," is all right applied to us, but be careful and don't use the expression too often to others. Never speak to the superintendent as "Dear General," or to the instructor as "Dear Lieutenant," or, above all, never speak to that brass-buttoned monster who takes charge of you on your arrival as "Dear Corporal." Perhaps this latter caution is unnecessary.

As to your questions: West Point is not a very large town, and there are few stores and blacksmith-shops. Cadets are not allowed to go out *very* much at night. They are obliged to study a little once in a while. The proprietor, as you call him, has at present no rooms to spare, and you will probably be obliged to live in a building called barracks, of which you will learn more hereafter.

As to the cannon, etc.: We have heard it said by fourth-classmen that there was most decided reality to certain brass pieces near camp. Bring your bowie-knife and revolvers by all means. You ought also to have a double-barreled shot-gun, both for aggressive purposes and for hunting snipe in the area of barracks on Saturday afternoons. This area is a wild piece of ground much frequented by sportsmen.

No, the superintendent is not the proprietor, but he is a very influential man in the academy. You will probably follow a great deal of his advice. We have two vacations each year: one in June, when we vacate barracks; and one in September, when we vacate camp. Your father's influential position will help you wonderfully. You should make a statement of it in your examination papers. Your being born in New Jersey would not prevent your being appointed from Arkansas, but it would from any other state in the Union.

Any further advice or information we will be happy to give you.

SUNDAY READING.

THE PARABLE OF THE RECKLESS DEACON.

And at that time there dwelt in the city of Ottawa, in the land of Illinois, James, the son of Zedekiah, of the house of Long, a youth, who, having sojourned for a time among the upright and virtuous at the military academy, had since departed therefrom and

fallen into the ways of the wicked; yea, even had become a drummer. And it came to pass that in the twelfth month, and the 20th day of the month, he arose and said unto himself: Go to, hast thou forgotten all the companions of thine innocence? And, in the fullness of his heart, he answered and said unto himself: Nay, even so there is one Deacon the Fullerite, who still dwelleth in the land of milk, but of no honey; and I will rejoice his heart, for will I not send him of frankincense, and of myrrh, and of fine gold, whereof he hath much need? And he said: Nay, not of these, but rather of that for which his soul yearneth; yea, of that which is called "Lightning of New Jersey." And he arose and put on his shoes, and went forth unto them which dealt in malt liquors and strong wine. And he drew forth one shekel of brass and saith unto them: "Give me the value thereof." And having received and sampled it, he went his way rejoicing.

So, it came to pass in the twelfth month and the 27th day thereof, that there came unto Deacon the Fullerite one who saith unto him: "Behold, the Officer in Charge hath need of thee. So straightway he arose and arrayed himself in his purple and fine linen, and gat him forth and stood in the inner court of the guard-house, over against the abode of the Officer in Charge. And it was so, that when the Officer in Charge saw Deacon the Fullerite standing in the court, he found favor in his sight, and he said unto him: "Wherefore standest thou without?" So the Deacon drew near and answered him, saying: "Here am I." Then said the officer unto him: "Behold, there hath come from afar that which seemeth thy property. Here it lieth. Knowest thou thereof?" And the Deacon seeing that there was written thereon in large characters, "DUE 5," saith: "Verily, I know it not."

Now, that the law might be fulfilled, as it is written, the Officer in Charge said unto him: "Open, that we may know the contents thereof." And it was opened.

Now, when the Officer in Charge saw that it was Jersey Lightning, yea, even the finest corn juice of Ottawa, he said unto him: "Get thee hence." And he got him henceward, and went away exceeding sorrowful, and arrayed himself in sackcloth and ashes. And behold, the Deacon read the following day upon the skin-board:

"Deacon the Fullerite, breaking the law of the 110th chapter of

the Book of Regulations, wherein it is written : Thou shalt not drink of the fruit of the vine, nor cause it to be brought within the sanctuary of cadet limits ; neither thou, nor thy room-mate, nor the stranger that is within thy gates."

And thereupon the Deacon was exceeding wroth, and he smote his breast and cried aloud, saying : "I will arise and go unto the Commandant, and say unto him : ' Colonel, I am innocent of this whereof I am accused. Behold, it is the work of mine adversaries, who go about seeking to do me evil.' " And the Colonel said unto him : " Where are thine adversaries ? And he, answering, said : " ' There are none to condemn me.' " Then the Colonel said : " Neither do I condemn thee. Go in peace."

REVISED EDITION OF "POE'S DEMON."

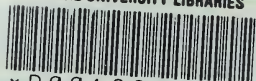
1. Once upon a midnight fearful,
I did ponder long and tearful,
Over many a tough and tedious
Problem of the covered way ;
And I labored, softly swearing,
Oft great locks of hair uptearing,
And my countenance was wearing
Old and harsh before my day ;
Growing bald and wearing old,
Thus I was before my day,
O'er this fiendish covered way.
2. Still I struggled, often starting,
With my patience fast departing,
Drew a host of lines in error,
Then disgusted looked away ;
And as I looked, still bent on knowing,
I *saw* from out the darkness growing,
Two fierce eyes like fire coals glowing,
Glowing with looks that seemed to say :
" Give up thy work, lay down thy pen,
Permanent works did never pay,"
These glowing eyes did seem to say.
3. In my chair there, boldly turning,
Face to face I met those burning
Eyes, that did bespeak such learning
Of those things which do not pay ;
And beheld no vision fitting,
But to those orbs a strangely fitting
Form of demon, calmly sitting,
Sitting in my chimney way, —
Bolt upright on candle-box,
There he sat without dismay,
And on his front was writ "*Noizet*."

4. Much and deep I speculated
 Why this demon so elated,
 And with importance so inflated,
 Dared to thus intrude this way;
 Then demanded what his game was;
 And how high and great his fame was,
 And would he tell me what the name was
 Which they gave him far away?
 How he dared, and what his
 Name was in the region without day?
 And the demon said, "*Noizet*,"
5. Now methought from off my paper
 Up arose a sulphurous vapor,
 A yellow, light, and odorous vapor,
 Lifted up and rolled away.
 Then did darkest fears assail me,
 And boldness did no more avail me,
 And all my courage 'gan to fail me, —
 Fail me in this tragic play, —
 In this midnight, solemn, quiet,
 And strangely mystic sulphurous play,
 With demon here named "*Noizet*."
6. But the demon quick assured me
 That my conscience should have cured me
 Of such idle, causeless fears,
 Fears that turn the hair to gray;
 That he came with social feeling,
 From the realm of bodies annealing,
 Up to have some honest dealing, —
 Dealing in the land of day;
 That he sought a boon companion,
 In the glorious land of day,
 Did this demon, this "*Noizet*."
7. Much I mused, this demon Frenchman,
 This *cunette* fiend, the former trenchman,
 Thus to hear discourse so glibly,
 In faultless English of to-day.
 And I said, "How is't, retainer
 Of the devil and profaner
 Of bright youth, thou art abstainer
 From thine own tongue, light and gay,
 Doth abstain from thine own language
 And in English sing thy lay?"
 But the Demon would not say.
8. "How '*scaped* thou then," I asked, "those regions
 Guarded by ten thousand legions,
 Demon legions without mercy,
 Who do never sing and pray?
 And if thou hast, thou arch defender,
 Aught of news or good to tender,
 Or of service, do it render,
 Render now without delay.
 News thou hast? Then haste to tender,
 Tender quick and get away."
 Then the demon, "This I say:"

9. "In those regions down below
 I freely come and freely go,
 For my work in life, above ground,
 Doth absolve me there for aye.
 So, leave thy work now, I invite thee,
 And on the shores of darkness (a) light thee,
 And on those black shores I'll requite thee,
 And we'll throw our cares away.
 Cease thy swearing and hair tearing,
 And I'll charm thy cares away."
 Thus the demon, named *Noizet*.
10. "Demon," said I, half persuaded,
 "My question thou hast not evaded,
 And thy kindly invitation
 Doth my mind right strongly sway;
 But tell me, in that happy place,
 Do they use the bastion face?
 Do they find the ravelin trace,
 Ravelin trace and covered way?
 Have they there a caponniere,
 And a ravelin covered way?"
 Quoth the demon, "Why not, pray?"
11. "Demon," howled I, no longer tempted,
 "From further talk thou art exempted;
 Get thee back into those regions,
 Unto the place where is no day;
 Let thy presence leave no vapor,
 Of this fiendish midnight caper,
 Leave untarnished still my paper,
 Seek some other youth to slay, —
 Get thy form from off my box,
 Seek some other youth to slay."
 Quoth the demon, "Not to-day."
12. And the demon, nothing fearing,
 Still is peering, still is leering
 On me from my candle-box.
 And my friends across the way,
 Coming over to console me,
 And for my lost love to condole me,
 Or on my punishment conjole me,
 Seeing him do haste away;
 And in my dreams this demon seems
 To laugh at those who haste away,
 And whispersoft, "Some other day."

NOTE. — *Muggins*. "Demon on candle-box at Sunday morning inspection."
 "30 confinements."

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